

+ NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1911.—Copyright, 1911, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association

## POLICE CLUB MOVED

## ALL OVER THE CITY

## Schmittberger Hit by Brick

**FIFTY HURT IN ONE CLASH**

## Danger to Health Yet, Says Lederle.

A woman leaned over the coping of a San Juan Hill tenement yesterday afternoon and let fly with a brick. It landed, not upon a street cleaning strike breaker, but upon the head of Max F. Schmittberger, chief inspector of the Police Department. Fifteen minutes later 2,000 hooligans with broken heads or aching shoulders were flying before a young army of police, while of the female of the species, more deadly than the male, not a stick whirled on the rooftops.

Inspector Max, motoring from spot to spot to see how his cops were handling trouble makers, turned from Tenth avenue into Fifty-second street about 3:15 P. M. With him in the big machine, which showed a tailmark of "P. D. N. Y.," were Patrolman John Cramer and George Neun, Schmittberger's chauffeur. The three were in plain clothes, Inspector Max

showing rather a nifty felt hat of the prevalent fashion. Rounding the corner they split a crowd of hoisting strike followers, sufficiently noisy, but not keyed up to fighting.

As the car started westward under slow headway Cramer shot a glance at the rooftops and said something to Inspector Max, which lifted him to his feet. On both sides of the street the roofs were packed with women, who stretched over the low protecting walls, poised for action. Schmittberger, stolidly taking in the situation, saw that they had little piles of bricks from demolished chimneys ready at their elbows. Some gripped broken dishes, bottles with jagged necks or battered frying pans. It didn't require police experience to realize that trouble was coming.

FUTSILLAGE FROM THE ROOFS.

"Better speed up a little, chief," said Neun.

"I'll be damned if I do!" growled Schmittberger, still standing and peering

A woman shrieked a vile name from the roof above. Schmittberger turned half way in the tonneau so as to acquire a mental picture of the lady. She saw him look up and hurled, that instant, a broken dish which shattered against the car's hood. That throw was the signal for battle clear along the line. Women grabbed up bricks and dropped them, aiming for the inspector's car. Bottles of ketchup and mustard were hurled, particles of powdered glass. There was no end to the variety of missiles. The rooftop arsenals had been equipped with the spoil of kitchens, of refuse heaps and chimneys.

Inspector Max was fighting mad but that time, but he declined to let Neun put on speed and rush the car out of Fifty-second street. He turned to his foot-soldier occasionally as a half brick or a dish sailed past his head. Just as the automobile got half way in the block one woman found her mark. She launched a chunk of brick which struck Schmitt-

berger a glancing blow on the right side of the head just above the temple, knocking him sprawling on the sidewalk, and cutting a gash an inch and a half long in the scalp. The woman saw the result of her throw and tried to repeat it, while she yelled shrilly for the mob to drag the men out of the automobile. Men and boys were running toward the machine from Eleventh avenue and Tenth avenue. The street was choking with a crowd.

**SCHMITTBERGER'S PISTOL OUT.**

Schmittberger, erect as a Prussian, snatched out his revolver and aimed it from roof to street. He was bare-headed, blood was trickling down his right cheek and his eyeglasses had been jarred from his nose. For two minutes he held them level with the pistol. He lifted his voice above the chorus of yells. "I shoot the thief or the man who throws a road block this time!"

The mob around the car backed away. The women on the roofs dodged behind the copings. The police car moved with much dignity westward through Fifty-second street to stable B of the Street Cleaning Department at 614. Schmitt-

Sergeant Sumner cut the man's hopping hair, shaved his head and took in a bath. By 10 p.m. John Reidell, who knows something about treating cuts and bruises, Reidell bandaged up his chief's head, working in a hurry because Inspector Max wasn't through with the San Juan High crowd and was in haste to return.

While the chief was being treated, the white, the alarm had flashed to the nearest police stations. Commissioner Waldo got word of what was doing and ordered fifty men rushed into West Fifty-second street from the station houses in West Forty-seventh and West Thirtieth streets.

When Schmitt's team arrived in West Fifty-second street he was just in time to see a charge of mounted men. Six police cavalrymen turned from Tenth avenue into the jammed street and came along at full gallop. The mob divided to let them through, pressing back to the house walls and grabbing up bricks and stones to fling at the riders. The heads of the mounted men or struck their horses. Half way down the block the riders wheeled